

Ariyana Gymkhana

Philip used to ride horses professionally in the UK in what they called gymkhana. Gymkhana, for those who don't know, is basically a series of timed events for horse riders; going over jumps the fastest and things like that.

Philip had an accident about five years ago and it prevented him from taking part in any more equestrian activities and he had been forced to sell his horse and hang up his saddle. It saddened him considerably to do this. He missed his horse and missed the competitive atmosphere.

To console himself Philip and his girlfriend engaged in some rather kinky "horse" play in his basement. Philip wasn't only a fan of gymkhana, he was also a major Keds fan, with a fetish that would rival anyone you or I know. He had as many pairs of Keds hanging off the walls of his basement as he did roped, stirrups, saddles and whips!



On this particular evening in question we join the action directly and enter Philip's basement where we find his lover Ariyana tied up with multiple pairs of Keds.

Ariyana didn't mind indulging Philip; or at least she had told him that much. Not that he cared too much when he was in one of these moods. All Philip wanted to do now was get off all over his woman and his Keds. He had a hard-on the length of a horse whip.

"Are you going to wank that lovely cock of yours Phil?" said Ariyana submissively.

"You shut your mouth bitch!" he shouted back at her. One thing he loved about doing this stuff in the basement was that he could be as loud as he liked and not a soul would hear him. He wrenched out his cock and stroked it slowly.

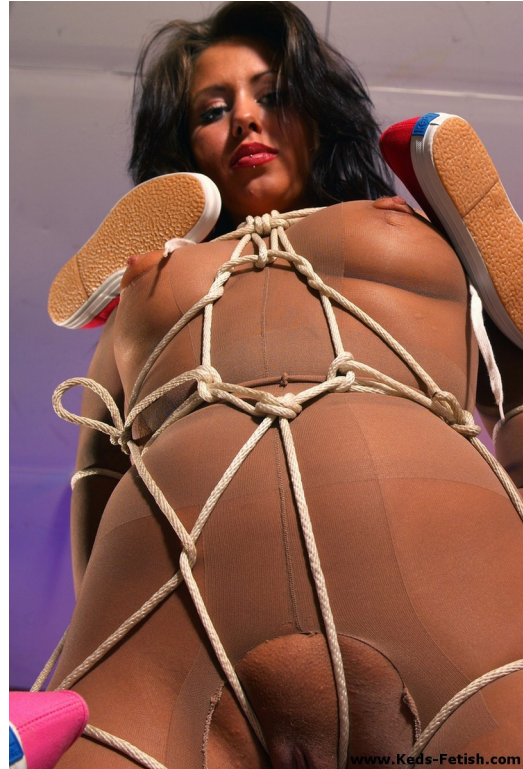
He saw Ariyana wriggling a little in the confines of the ropes. He had done them particularly tight tonight and dressed her in a full body stocking. He liked to have her in a stocking because when he shot his hot cum all over her, he thought it looked great.

"Please will you fuck me tonight Phil?" Pleaded Ariyana with a smile on her face.

"I told you to shut up!" He shouted. He walked up behind her and yanked on the centre of the ropes causing them to pull tightly around the front of her body. He walked around the front of her again, brushing the end of his cock against the canvas of the sneakers on the way.

He looked between Ariyana's legs and saw that the ropes had slipped around either side of her pussy, turning it into a lovely, neat looking little package. Phil dropped to his knees and buried his head between her legs and started to lap it up like a dog in a fresh bowl of water. He didn't usually go for pussy licking, but tonight Ariyana looked so beautiful all tied up and nowhere to go and he just felt like doing things a little differently.

He grabbed hold of the pink Keds and swung them around the back of his constrained lover while he tongued away at her sweet tasting pussy. They slapped her ass and made her thrust forward onto his tongue and into his face further. She moaned out loud when he slapped her ass, and every time she moaned he nibbled her clit a little, causing her to gasp and weaken at the knees.



It wasn't long before he made Ariyana orgasm and very nearly collapse. He supported her with his arms under her ass and hoisted her back up. "You stay there," he said, "I haven't done yet." He wanked himself slowly as he walked over to the other end of the basement and came back holding one of his favourite toys.

It was a fake horse's tail, and Phil liked to strap it to Ariyana's ass to pretend she was a horse and make her act like one. His cock twitched harder and harder as he approached her and when he stood directly in front of her he stroked it along her naked boobs and then along his long, hard cock. She shuddered and giggled.



"Stick it in my ass baby and I'll be your little Ariyana pony," she said.

"Oh I will baby, you just wait," said Phil as he walked around the back of her again, stroking the rubber soles of the sneakers on the way. "You're a good little pony," he continued as he attached the tail, "carrying my Keds for me aren't you?" He stroked her ass and then fingered through the hair of the tail.

"I think we'd better take these Keds to market little pony, don't you?" Said Philip, getting into his role. Ariyana answered in a whining kind of cough. It was a dreadful impersonation of a horse, but Phil never complained too much as long as she tried her best.



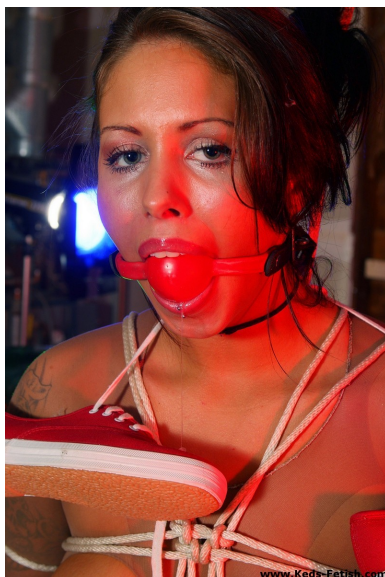
He stood back and looked at his handiwork. He was pleased with the sight. Ariyana stood there, all bound in ropes and straps, a horse's tail hanging from her ass, and Keds sneakers strapped to her on all sides. This was Philip's fantasy, and boy did he like it done properly.

"I better get a sign ready hadn't I?" He said, more to himself than Ariyana. He was well aware that she wouldn't speak now, not since he attached her tail. It was almost as though the tail completed the illusion for her; she stepped into the role easily. Philip came back with a piece of paper and put it in the mouth of his new pony. "There, ready for market!" It read:-

Keds, Two for \$20

After standing back and taking a look he decided that it would never do for her to have it in her mouth. He took it out and turned her around. He attached it to her back instead. This was much more satisfactory, he thought to himself.

His cock was getting so hard again, and he walked up to her and pushed it between her legs and felt the wetness of her pussy all over his cock end. He looked down and saw it glisten in the false light. He pushed a little harder and his cock just popped inside Ariyana's pussy. It held tight in there because of the straps. She moaned a little and Philip reached around as if to hug her, only to whack her on the ass. "Shut up!" he yelled. He looked around the back of her, squatted his legs a little, and pushed himself into her wet pussy a little further. He could see her tail twitch and thrash around when he pushed at her.



He felt himself approaching an orgasm and pulled himself out of her warm pussy just in time to pinch the end of his cock to keep the wolves from the door. Ariyana flashed her eyes at him.

"I know what'll shut you up pony!" He said loudly, "it's time you had something in your mouth isn't it?" He let go of his cock and let it hang and twitch to itself, happily awaiting its revival, while he fetched Ariyana's bit. He called it a bit because that's what they called it for horses in the UK, but this was more like a bondage gag with a huge

red ball on the end of a leather strap. He put it around Ariyana's head, and she allowed him to do it without argument.

"There!" He said in a satisfied tone, "just what we needed. Now hold still." Philip bent Ariyana over and flicked her tail to the side. He entered her wet pussy again and pushed hard. He held onto her by the ropes as if he were indeed riding her, and with his cock still well and truly inserted, he looped her hands and hair into an overhanging rope pulley so she couldn't move anywhere.

"Oh yeah!" He exclaimed as he slammed into her harder and harder. He only ever slowed down to play with the Keds hung around her body. He loved it like this, it meant that he could get at any of his favourite pairs whenever he wanted. He grabbed a red pair and pulled his cock out of Ariyana's pussy.



He rubbed his cock quite hard along the underside of the sneaker. In fact he rubbed it so hard he made himself wince in pain. He grabbed one of the sneakers and rubbed it around Ariyana's wet pussy before stroking his cock end again. He felt absolutely amazing. In one hand he had the pulley rope that was attached to Ariyana's hair and hands, and in the other he had a red sneaker with his cock rubbing all the canvas.

He came close to cumming again quite quickly and dropped the Keds, allowing them to swing around the front of Ariyana again. When he dropped the Keds he inadvertently pulled on the rope and heard Ariyana scream out from beneath the gag, wedged into her mouth. When he looked he saw that he had virtually hoisted her off the floor by her hair. He let go of the rope and felt an enormous power flood over him.



He walked over to his tool bench and picked up a riding crop. His cock twitched and spilled some pre-cum at the thought of what he was going to do with it. Ariyana's eyes widened when she saw Philip approach with the whip. She loved this bit, he knew it; although he couldn't really care less if she did or not at the moment. All he intended on doing was whipping her naked horse's ass and shooting his load all over the Keds that hung at her side.

He began the process with several short smacks on the ass. She winced a little, but it was nothing serious; he could tell that she wanted it much harder. He obliged. He picked a set of blue Keds hanging from Ariyana's arm and he positioned himself so that he could rub his cock on them while he whipped her. He wanked himself furiously over

the Keds, and every time he whacked Ariyana's ass it seemed to be harder. He didn't know where to look when he approached his orgasm. His eyes flicked from the riding crop, to the red mark on Ariyana's ass, to her tits poking through the body stocking, to her face all shut up with the gag, and finally to the Keds hanging all over her body. Then with one final whack he shot his load directly over the blue Keds and the top of her thigh. He dropped the whip and watched the cum dribble down her stockinged body and onto the floor.



Philip sat himself down on the cold floor of the basement and caught his breath. He let go of the rope and watched Ariyana stay perfectly still until he decided to release her. She was such a good pony, he thought, as he stood and untied her. He stroked her as he took the gag out of her mouth.

“Fucking hell!” She said, “You didn't have to hit me that hard,” she laughed and kissed him deeply on the mouth. “You want some coffee,” she said as she walked towards the steps.

“Yeah that'll be good,” said Philip. He thought to himself just how wonderful his life was, that he could do all this and slip back into what most people call normality so easily.

End

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